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THE DUTCHESS OF MONMOUTHS Lamentation FOR THE LOSS Of Her DUKE:

Who hath been long Absent, to the terror of her Afflicted Heart.

AH! Princely *Jemmy*, thou art too Unkind,
To leave thy Mournful *Dutchess* here behind;
Unkind, I say, because thou well didst know,
For thy dear sake, I through the world would go.
I once did think none could more Happy be,
Nor reap more Comforts in this world, than *Me*,
Now plung'd into the Gulph of Misery.

A Too

1683

Too cruel Fate, that wrought this ſudden change,
And cauſe my *Jemmy* in the world to range;
As if confin'd unto a *Pilgrimage*,
Now in the *flower* and *bloſſom* of his *age*.
But *Fortune* now I find doth fickle prove,
And on a ſudden did my Joys remove;
Turning my *comforts* into Seas of *woe*,
O Heaveus! can I theſe *ſorrows* undergo?
Or can I live and bear this Mortal pain,
To ſigh and wiſh for *Jemmy* all in vain?
No, no, it is impoſſible for me,
Long to ſurvive, except my Love I ſee;
I faint my Dear, lo, here *I* dye for thee.
When in my Bed I lye I cannot ſleep,
While others take their eaſe I mourn and weep:
'Twere better far for me, for to be Dead,
Than for thine abſence to be puniſhed
With *endleſs torments* which I do endure,
Yea, paſt all hopes of any help or Cure;
Enough to kill a mournful Woman ſure.
But for thine abſence though I doth Condole,
While thou art ſafe it comforteth my Soul;
And ſhould I hear that thou in Trouble wert,
Without all queſtion, it would break my heart.
It is not long ſince my dear *Jemmy*'s Name
Was carry'd far and near, on wings of Fame;
Which makes me wonder, that in ſuch a trice,
Thy *vertues* ſhould be turned into *vice*;
And all thine Honours with ſuch hazard gain'd,
Be quite forgot; how are thy Vertues ſtain'd

With

VVith *black ingratitude*? if it be ſo,
God and thy Conſcience beſt the *truth* doth know;
If not, what pitty 'tis that thou ſhould'ſt be
Accuſed of ſuch groſs *Barbarity*;
VVhich wounds my Soul to think of, & mine *eye*
VVhen *I* thereof do pauſe, is never dry.
Ah! hapleſs VVoman, now thy Fate is cruel,
To loſe thy beſt and moſt beloved Jewel:
VVhat pleaſure is there in the world to thee?
Or wanting him, what can Delightful be?
Oh! that *I* could but this advantage have,
To ſigh my ſelf into the ſilent Grave;
There to lye ſleeping till *Jehovah*'s Trump,
Shall raiſe again my Puryfied Lump:
VVhen at Gods Great *Tribunal* I might ſee
My hearts delight, now gone and fled from me.
But why do I thus like the *Dove* complain?
Perhaps, in time, he may return again,
For to compleat my Bliſs, which if he do,
You Powers, how thankful ſhall I be to you!
How ſhould I ſtrive your mercies to applaud,
That did my Love preſerve, and keep abroad;
VVhen thundering Cannons did about him Roar,
And I in fear my Love to ſee no more;
Then, then, propitious Fate to him was kind,
And ſent him back to eaſe my troubled mind;
So fill'd with Diſcontent, for fear that he,
In whom my Soul delighted, ſlain ſhould be.
But at the laſt he home return'd again,
VVhich eas'd my heart, and baniſht all my pain.

And

And when *I* thought my ſelf from *danger* free,
A further *croſs* was then attending me;
Which now hath ſeiz'd upon my tender heart,
Oppreſs'd with *grief*, I'm ready to depart
Out out of this ſinful world, ſo full of change,
That greateſt Friends grow in a moment ſtrange;
And ſmiling *Fortune* in a trice will frown,
Yea, from the heighth of Honour tumble down
The worlds great *Favourites*, that little think,
The *turns* of *fate* could ever make them ſink.
But ah! too well, I to my ſorrow know,
And ſo *experience* doth acquaint me ſo;
That there is nothing underneath the *Sun*
That's *ſtable*, no, this, this hath me undone:
Never was ſuch a *change* in *Europe* known,
As is in me ſince my *Delights* are flown.
But why do *I* thus prattle of *Delights*?
My *Sun-ſhine Days* are turned into *Nights*;
And *I* in *Darkneſs* ſit for to lament,
The cauſe of which my *Love* from me was ſent:
A dreadful and inhumane *Plot*, ſome ſay,
Was the occaſion *Jemmy* went away;
Which if it were, will add unto my trouble,
And my poor heart will be afflicted double.
O Heavens forbid that e're my Love ſhould be,
So wicked as to act ſuch Villany!
But if he were by *Traytors* thus drawn in,
I hope you will forgive this deadly Sin.

FINIS.

Licenſed and Entred according to Order.

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